

The Rocks of Scilly.

To which are added

The Pearl of the Irish Nation.

Fancy Whiskey.



L. MERCH. : Printed by W. COGGIN,

Nancy Whiskey.

EVEN long Years I have been wear-
ing

To save the price of a suit of Cloths,
And when the money I had all together,
I went to by them as you may suppose
But as I walked down Frances-Street
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to

And to call and see her
For so long years I lov'd her well,
The door being open I walked into the
Parlour,

And when for making so soon
Nancy caught me in her arms,
Saying you are welcome sweet Billy,

Then we sit down and enjoyed each
Other,

The more we drank the more we loved,
For Nancy's charms sweet Nancy Whis-
key,

Sweet Nancy's charms my ruin prov'd,
My Nancy she soon overcame me,

And on the table I laid my head,
But when she found I was so tipsy,
Immediately from me she fled,

Beside she broke my legs and arms,
But never before used me so ill,

And if I'd spend ten Pounds upon her,

Sweet Nancy Whiskey I loved you still
 But when I awakened in the morning,
 I found myself in a strange Bed,
 I thought to rise but was not able,
 For Nancy's charms was in my head,
 Then I call'd out unto the landlady.

And asked her what w s to pay,
 She said there is two and thirty Shillings,
 Come pay it friend and go your way.
 I put my hand into my pocket,

I paid the landlady my reck'ning down,
 And all the money I had left,

I do declare it was half a Crown,
 But as I came down Thomas street,

An old acquaintance I loaned to spy,
 And on him I spent two and two Pence,
 Then all I had left was one bandy boy.

But now my sporting days are over,

I'll leave my Nancy for a while,
 She may seek out for a new lover

Until kind fortune does on me smile,
 I'll go to my room and sit in my loom,

And let this reaster go with the rest,
 But of all the liquor I ever paid for,

Sweet Nancy Whiskey I love you best.

The Pearl of the Irish Nation.

HARD was my lot for to be shot,

By Cupid's cunning arrow,

Both night and day I fall away,

Thro' perfect grief and sorrow.

(4)
To the hills and vales I often reveal,
And breath forth my lamentation,
Which I endure for that virgin pure,
The Pearl of the Irish Nation,
Her beauty so bright hath dazzled my sight,
Alas! my heart is wounded,
No way I find for to ease my mind,
By Cupid I'm surrounded.
Great is the pain which I do sustain,
Sad is my grief and vexation,
And all for the sake of a beautiful maid,
The pearl of the Irish Nation.
Tho many there be which daily I see
Of beautiful charming creatures,
With red-rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
And likewise comely features,
Yet there is none abroad or at home,
In country town or plantation,
That can compare with this maiden fair,
The pearl of the Irish Nation.
No way I find for to ease my mind,
But spend my time in weeping,
I sigh, I groan, I sob and moan,
While others lie by sleeping.
In some place I'll go for a short space,
There I'll make my habitation,
Since I cannot gain that beautiful dame,
The pearl of the Irish Nation.
I know there is some think that I mourn,
And make moan to my lily,
Perhap's it is so, but the cause of my woe,
Is for the rose that in the valley grows,
She's rare to be seen like Venus the queen,
For modesty virtue and patience,
My heart is linked to that beautiful pink.

The pearl of the Irish Nation.

Alas ! there's none can ease my moan,
But only that charming creature,
Her cheeks like the rose that sweetly grows,
Near by the banks of cedar,

Her name to declare I do forbear,
Tho' my heart is filled with vexation,
Tho' ye may suppose she's called the rose,
The Pearl of the Irish Nation.

Those lines I intend to have pen'd,
And sent to my dearest jewel,
To let her know a part of my woe,
And if the chance to prove cruel,
Like a pilgrim I'll go thro' frost and snow,
I'll forsake my former station,
Since I cannot gain that beautiful dame,
The pearl of the Irish Nation.

I'll travel to Spain, from thence to Lornain,
I'll oft times cross the wide ocean,
Since sorrow and pain thro' her disdain,
Happens to be my portion.

I'll wander my way thro' a melancholy bay,
And loaded with grief I can find no relief,
Yet all this I'll bear for that virgin so fair,
The pearl of the Irish Nation.

The Ship-wrecked Sailors on the
ROCKS of SCILLY.

COME all you young Sailors, bold,
That plow the raging main,

And listen to my tragedy,
While I relate the same.

I parted with my wedded wife,
Whom I did still adore,
Unto the Seas was commanded,
Where lofty billows roar,

To the East Indies we were bound,
Our courses we did steer,
And all along still thought on
My lovely Molly dear.

Sometimes on deck sometimes aloft,
Sometimes I am below,
But Molly she's still in my eye,
And love commands me so.

She's charming beautiful and fair,
She's all my Soul's delight.

The brightest day appears to me,
Like to the shades by night.

By myself alone I sigh and moan,
While others sport and play
Were Molly she along with me,
It always would be day,

My very heart's lock'd in her breast,
Which does increase my pain,
Both night and day I do think still,
We ne'er shall meet again.

When we our loading had received,
And were to England bound,
We little thought it was our fate,
On the Scilly Rocks to be drown'd,

On the Rocks of Scilly we were cast,
By the tempest of the main,
Of all our whole ships jolly crew,
But four could reach to land

We had not sailed a day but seven,
When the storm began to rise,
The swelling waves ran mountains high,
And dismal were the skies.

Aloft, aloft, our Captain cries,
Each man his post observe,
And reef your sails both fore and aft,
Our ship and lives to save.

To the top went our boatswain's mate,
To the main top so high,
He looked around on every side,
But land could not espy.

A head of us a light he saw,
Which did our spirits cheer,
Be of good courage my hearts of gold,
Some harbour we are near.

About the ship the boatswain cries,
And off the rocks keep clear,
For on the deep we will remain,
Until day light does appear,

Sail on, sail on, our Captain cries.
We're right before the wind
For by the light we've seen aloft,
We are not far from land.

But as we sailed before the wind
And thought all dangers past,

On the Rocks of Scilly we poor souls,
That fatal night were cast.

That instant oke our ship she got,
The Captain aloud did cry,
The Lord have mercy on our souls,
For in the deep we die.

O eighty jolly sailors bold,
But four could reach the shore,
Our gallant ship in pieces split,
And never was seen more.

But when the news to Plymouth came,
Our noble ship was lost,
This caused many sailors to fear,
The dangers of that coast.

Now charged with many lament,
For the loss of her sweet heart,
By the tempest and the hoary wind,
The deep their love did part,

For when the news unto her came,
Her tender heart did break,
And like a tender lover,
Died for her true love's sake.

FINIS